

(2.)

T H E
BISHOPRIC GARLAND;

O R,
DURHAM MINSTREL:

B E I N G A
C H O I C E C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E X C E L L E N T S O N G S,
R E L A T I N G T O T H E A B O V E C O U N T Y,

Full of agreeable Variety and pleasant Mirth.

A new Edition, corrected.



N E W C A S T L E:
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The BISHOPRIC GARLAND, &c.

S O N G I.

STOCKTONS COMMENDATION.

Tune, Sir John Fenwick's the flower among them.

COME, brave spirits, that love Canary,
And good company are keeping,
From our friends let's never vary,
Let your muse awake from sleeping :
Bring forth mirth and wise Apollo ;
Mark your eyes on a true relation :
Virgil with his pen shall follow,
In ancient Stocktons commendation.

Upon the stately river Tees
A goodly castle there was placed,
Nigh joining to the ocean seas,
Whereby our country was much graced ;
Affording rich commodities,
With corn and lead, unto our nation ;
Which makes me sing with chearful voice,
Of ancient Stocktons commendation.

In sixteen hundred thirty-five,
And about the month of February,
Three Stockton-men they did contrive
To see their friends, and to be merry :

Part of their names I shall describe,
 And place them down in a comely fashion ;
 There was William, John, and Anthony,
 Gain'd ancient Stockton commendation,

To famous Richmond first they came,
 And with their friends awhile remained ;
 Middleham there, that town of fame,
 Whereby much credit they obtained :
 Being merry on a day,
 A challenge came in this same fashion,
 A match at football for to play ;
 But Stockton got the commendation.

Three Middleham-men appointed were,
 And stakes put down on either party ;
 Stockton-men cast of all fear,
 For Bishopric was always hearty.
 Then those three Middleham-men did yield,
 And for their loss they seem'd to murmur ;
 There was but one came to the field,
 The other two at home remained.

With shouts and cries, in chearful wise,
 The country all about them dwelling,
 They did say that very day,
 That Stockton-men were far excelling.
 When first I did it understand,
 It was told to me as a true relation ;
 Then I took my pen and ink in hand,
 And I writ brave Stocktons commendation.



SONG

S O N G II.

A new SONG for the Year 1764.

By Mr WILLIAM SUTTON.

ON the banks of the Tees, at Stockton of old,
 A castle there was of great fame we are told,
 Where the Bishops of Durham were wont to retreat,
 And spend all their summers at that gallant seat.

Derry Down, &c.

'Twas once on a time, that King John being there,
 The chiefs of Newcastle did thither repair ;
 Humbly pray'd that his Highness would deign for to
 grant

Them a charter, of which they were then in great want.

The King highly pleas'd with the Bishop's grand treat,
 Abounding in liquors, and all sorts of meat,
 Their prayer comply'd with, the charter did sign,
 Owing then, as 'twas said, to the Bishop's good wine.

Old Noll, in his day, out of pious concern,
 This castle demolish'd, sold all but the barn ;
 When Nithorp and Hollis, with two or three more,
 Divided the spoils, as they'd oft done before.

The town still improving became the delight
 Of strangers, and others, so charming its sight,
 That a bridge cross the river being lately propos'd,
 The cash was subscrib'd, and the bargain soon clos'd.

The King, Lords, and Commons approving the scheme,
 The bridge was begun, and now's building between
 Two counties, when finish'd, no doubt 'twill produce
 Fairs, markets for cattle, and all things for use.

Let

Let us drink then a bumper to Stockton's success,
 May its commerce increasing ne'er meet with distress;
 May the people's endeavours procure them much wealth,
 And enjoy all their days the great blessing of health.
 Derry Down, &c.

S O N G III.
 THE NEW WAY OF
 STOCKTONS COMMENDATION.

To the old Tune.

By BENJAMIN PYE, L L. D.

ARCHDEACON OF DURHAM.

"UPON the stately river Tees,
 " A noble castle there was placed,
 " Nigh unto the ocean seas,
 " Whereby our country was much graced;
 " Affording rich commodities,
 " Of corn and lead unto the nation;
 " Which makes me sing in cheerful wise
 " Of ancient Stocktons commendation."

But now I'll tell you news prodigious,
 My honest friends, be sure remark it,
 Our ferries are transform'd to bridges,
 And Cleveland trips to Stockton market.
 Our causeways rough, and mirey roads,
 Shall sink into a navigation,
 And Johny Carr shall sing fine odes,
 In modern Stocktons commendation.

O what a scene for joy and laughter,
 To see, as light as cork or feather,
 Our ponderous lead, and bulky rafter,
 Sail down the smooth canal together !
 Whilst coal and lime and cheese and butter,
 Shall grace our famous navigation ;
 And we will make a wonderous clutter
 In modern Stocktons commendation.

Our fairs I next will celebrate,
 With scores of graziers, hinds and jockeys ;
 And bumpkins yok'd with Nell and Kate,
 Who stare like any pig that stuck is :
 Fat horned beasts now line our streets,
 Which Aldermen were wont to pace on ;
 And oxen low, and lambkins bleat,
 And all for Stocktons commendation.

Our races too deserve a tune,
 The northern sportsmen all prefer 'em,
 For Dainty Davy here did run
 Much better than at York or Durham.
 O 'twould take up a swingeing volume,
 To sing at large our reputation ;
 Our bridge, our shambles, croses and column,
 All speak fair Stocktons commendation.

Fill then your jovial bumpers round,
 Join chorus all in Stocktons glory ;
 Let us but love our native town,
 A fig for patriot, whig, or tory :
 Whate'er they say, whate'er they do,
 Their aim is but to fleece the nation ;
 Let us continue firm and true
 To honest Stocktons commendation.

SONG

S O N G IV.

The HARE-SKIN.

By GEORGE KNIGHT, Shoemaker.

Tune,—*Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty.*

COME, gentlemen, attend to my ditty,
 All you that delight in a gun;
 And, if you'll be silent a minute,
 I'll tell you a rare piece of fun.

Fal lal, &c.

It was on the tenth of November,
 Or else upon Martinmas-day,
 A gentleman,* who loved pastime,
 He got a hare-skin stuff'd with hay.

Then into the fields he convey'd her,
 And set her against a hedge-side;
 Our gunners were rambling the fields,
 So that puffy was quickly espy'd.

Mr. Tindal was the first that espy'd her,
 He said that he lov'd a roast hare,
 And that he would have her *tit* supper,
 For he for the law did not care.

The better for to complete it,
 He charged his gun well with slugs,
 With that he let fly at her,
 And *bat* her betwixt the two lugs.

But when that he went for to seize her,
 He found he was deprived of his bit
 He flung her down in a passion,
 And look'd as if he'd been b——t.

The

* Mr Peter Confett.

The next was Will Dunn, our Painter,
 Who wanted a novelty bit ;
 And then he let fly at her,
 And kill'd her stone-dead on her seat.

When firing, he swore he had maul'd her,
 He never mis'd a hare in his life ;
 And then in great trouble was he,
 For to get her safe home to his wife.

The next was John Walker, a tailor,
 He thinking poor pufs for to knap,
 Indeed, he endeavour'd to kill her,
 But his gun very often did snap.

But then making all things in good order,
 Then at her he did let drive,
 And our serjeant was to have her *tit* supper,
 To make them all merry belyve.

But I think he was damnable faucy,
 For she wasn't meat for such as he ;
 He must get something else to his cabbage,
 For it and hare flesh 'll ne'er agree.

The next was Joe our barber,
 One morning he rose in great haste,
 And swore he would have a hare *tiw* his supper,
 And give all his neighbours a taste.

When firing, he swore he had kill'd her ;
 O then in great trouble was he,
 How that he might safely convey her,
 For fear any body should see.

The next was John Blythman, esquire ;
 Indeed he was much to blame
 To kill a hare with his gun,—it should'nt be done,
 For it spoils all a gentlemen's game.

B

Then

Then Grundy came cursing and swearing,
Which is the chief end of his talk,
He shot her, and swore by his maker,
He'd kill'd her as a dead a mawk.

But when that he went for to seize her,
And found it a skin stuff'd with hay,
He flung her down in a passion,
And cursed, and so went away.

Now I would have you all to take care for the future,
And mind very well what I say ;
When you fire your gun, pray ye see the hare run,
Lest it prove a hare-skin stuff'd with hay.

But I think they were all finely tricked,
Beside wasting their powder and shot :
Let us have a good drink at the fancy,
So, landlady, fill us the pot.

Here's the gentlemans health that contriv'd it,
For he is a right honest soul ;
We'll laugh and we'll merrily sing,
When we're over a full flowing bowl.
Fal, fal, &c.

S O N G V.
L I M B O.

By the same Author.

Tune,—*On a time I was great, now little I'm grown.*

I'LL tell you a story, if you please for to attend,
When my heart was afflicted with sorrow,
This song it is new, but it's absolute true ;
It's for nothing I did buy or borrow :
But I was sent for to Prestons one day the last week,
There I little expected with what I did meet,
But the country's all rogues, and the world is a cheat,
And there they confin'd me in Limbo. Like

Like an innocent lamb to the slaughter I went,
 Not knowing what was their intention,
 But when I came there, O how I did stare,
 When I found out their damned invention.
 There was Preston the bailiff, Joseph Craggs was his bum,
 And there they did seize me, as sure as a gun,
 Upstairs then they haul'd me into the back room,
 And there they confin'd me in in Limbo.

My belly was empty, though my stomach was full,
 For to think there how I was *trapanded*,
 Preston pull'd out a paper, and he made a lang scrawl,
 And he forc'd me for to set my hand to't.
 Then I open'd his closet, I got out a pie,
 Then I call'd for liquor, while I was adry,
 I knew somebody would pay for't, but what cared I?
 I wasn't to starve, though in Limbo.

Another poor fellow there happen'd to be,
 Which they had confined in Limbo;
 Brother prisoner, says I, how shall we get free,
 For want of this thing called rhino?
 The poor fellow fat like one was half dead,
 Then I gave him claret to dye his nose red;
 But I never knew yet how the reckoning was paid;
 I was resolv'd to live well, though in Limbo.

There was Mr Bum and I, we tofs'd it about,
 Until we began to grow mellow;
 Three bottles of claret he there did me give,
 Indeed he's a jolly good fellow:
 Full bumpers of claret went round it is true,
 Some drank for vexation till twice they did spew,
 But ne'er in my life I saw such a merry crew.
 As we were when I was in Limbo.

There

There was Ralph Jackson, the tanner, he came in by chance,

And did chatter and talk like a parrot ;
And likewise Will Bulmer was one of our number,
For he had a mind to drink claret.

Full glasses went round, till I could not see,
O then they were all willing that I should go free ;
But the devil may pay them their reckoning for me,
For now I have got out of Limbo.

With many a foul step then I stagger'd home at last,
And it happen'd to be without falling ;

I got on my bed, and nothing I said,
But my wife she began with her bawling ;
She rung me such a peal, though she'd been not well,
As if she would have rais'd all the devils in hell,
You might have heard her as far as the sound of Bow Bell;
Then I wish'd that I'd stay'd there in Limbo.

S O N G VI.

A NEW SONG, CALLED HARK to WINCHESTER:

O R, T H E
YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL,
To the GOOD FOLKS of STOCKTON.

Tune,—*Push about the Jorum.*

YE Stockton lads and lasses too,
Come listen to my story,
A dismal tale because 'tis true,
I've now to lay before ye :
We must away, our rout is come,
We scarce refrain from tears, O :
Shrill shrieks the fife, rough roars the drum,—
March, Yorkshire Volunteers, O !
Fal la la la la ral,

Yet ere we part, my comrades say,
Come, Stockhore*, you're the poet,
If e'er you'd pen a grateful lay,
'Tis now the time to show it.
Such usage fair in this good town,
We've met from age and youth, firs,
Accept our grateful thanks, and own
A poet sings the truth, firs.

Fal lal, &c.

Ye lasses too, of all I see,
The fairest in the nation;
Sweet buds of beauty's blooming tree,
The top of the creation;
Full many of our lads I ween,
Have got good wives and true, firs;
I wonder what our leaders mean,
They have not done so too, firs.

Fal lal, &c.

Perhaps——but hark! the thund'ring drum,
From love to arms is beating;
Our country calls; we come, we come,
Great George's praise repeating;
He's great and good, long may he here
Reign, every bliss possessing;
And long may each true volunteer
Behold him Britain's blessing.

Fal lal, &c.

Our valiant Earl shall lead us on
The nearest way to glory,
Bright honour hails her darling son,
And fame records his story.

* Herbert Stockhore, a private, the pretended author.

Dundas commands upon our lists
 The second, though on earth, firs,
 No one he's second to exists,
 For courage, sense, and worth, firs.
 Fal lal, &c.

No venal muse before your view
 Next sets a veteran bold, firs,
 The praise to merit justly due,
 From Paul she cannot hold, firs,
 His valour oft has bore the test,
 In war he's brisk and handy,
 His private virtues stand confest,
 In short, he's quite the dandy.
 Fal lal, &c.

Brave Mackarel heads his grenadiers,
 They're just the lads to do it,
 And should the Dons, or lank Monsieurs
 Come here, he'll make them rue it :
 He'll roar his thunders, make them flee,
 With a tow, row, row, row, ra ra ;
 And do them o'er by land, — at sea
 As Rodney did Langara.
 Fal lal, &c.

Young Thompson, with his lads so light
 Of foot, with hearts of steel, O,
 His country's cause will nobly fight,
 And make her foes to feel, O :
 For should the frog-fed sons of Gaul
 Come capering, *a la Francois*,
 My lads, said he, we'll teach them all
 The *Light Bob* country-dance a :
 Fal lal, &c.

Our

Our leaders all so brave and bold,
 Should I in verse, recite a,
 A baggage waggón would not hold
 The songs that I could write, a :
 Their deeds so great, their words so mild,
 O take our worst commander,
 And to him Cæsar was a child,
 And so was Alexander.

Fal lal, &c.

Such men as these we'll follow thro'
 The world, and brave all danger,
 Each volunteer is firm and true,
 His heart's to fear a stranger.—
Good folks, farewell ! God blefs the king,
 With angels centry o'er him,
 Now, *Hark, to Winchester !* we'll sing,
 And push about the Jorum !

Fal lal lal la ra !

S O N G IX.

The SEDGFIELD FROLIC.

COME all ye gallant brave wenches,
 That love strong liquor so well,
 And use to fuddle your noses,
 Come, listen to what I shall tell :
 Your praises abroad I will thunder,
 'Tis pity you should go free,
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Come, landlady, fill us a bumper,
 And take no thought for the shot,
 It is a sin, as I hope to be saved,
 To part with an empty pot ;

Let

Let the glafs go merrily round,
 Our bufinefs is jolly to be,
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Who are they that dare oppofe us,
 Since we are together met ?
 We will tippie and fuddle our nofes,
 Our frolic to complete :
 For our frolic it is begun,
 And we will end it merrily ;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's Middleton as brisk as a bottle,
 She merrily leads the van,
 And Crispe, the butcher's daughter,
 She'll follow as fast as ſhe can.
 There's the ſempſtreſs and her ſiſter,
 The rear drive merrily ;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Each one ſhall take her quantum,
 Thus ſays brave Middleton ;
 We will drink a health to Peg Trantum,
 And merrily we'll go on ;
 Let the ſhot be never ſo great,
 I'll ſpeak to my landlady ;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's a brave ſinking tailor,
 That hath a brisk handsome wife,
 And ſhe will convey the flaggon,
 'To avoid all future ſtrife :

And

And the baker, at the next door,
 She will be the landlady;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's Branfon, an honest fellow,
 He hath sugar enough in store,
 If cloves and mace be wanting,
 We will boldly run on the score:
 For our wanton frolic is begun,
 And we'll end it most merrily;
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Two wives I had almost forgotten,
 Which I must touch in the quick,
 Being merry at mr. Branfon's,
 They danc'd 'bout the candlestick;
 And the tune was juice of barley,
 Which made them dance merrily,
 And long did they hold a parley,
 And made jolly company.

In the midst of this great pother,
 The backish wife came in,
 She was forc'd to be led by another,
 Thro' thick and likewise thro' thin.
 And thus they did end their frolic,
 Good fellow I'll tell to thee,
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

S O N G X.

The PLEASURES of SUNDERLAND.

IN the fine town of Sunderland which stands on a hill,
 Which stands on a hill most noble to see,
 There's fishing and fowling all in the same town:
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me,

There's dancing and singing also in the same town,
 And many hot scolds there are in the week;
 'Tis pleasant indeed the market to see,
 And the young maids that are mild and meek.

The damsels of Sunderland would, if they could,
 To welcome brave sailors, when they come from sea,
 Build a fine tower of silver and gold:
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

The young men of Sunderland are pretty blades,
 And when they come in with these handsome maids,
 They kiss and embrace, and compliment free:
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

In Silver-street there lives one Isabel Rod,
 She steeps the best ale the town can afford,
 For gentlemen to drink till they cannot see:
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

Sunderland's a fine place, it shines where it stands,
 And the more I look on it the more my heart warms;
 And if I was there I would make myself free:
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

S O N G XI.

The frolicsome old Women of Sunderland;
 Or, The disappointed YOUNG MAIDS.

To the Tune of,—*They'll marry tho' threescore and ten.*

YOU Sunderland lasses draw near,
 Sure you are forsaken by men;
 But the old women, they
 Forget for to play,
 But will get married at threescore and ten.

You

You Sunderland lasses are slow,
 And yet there's good choice of young men ;
 The old women, they
 Do shew you fair play,
 They get married at threescore and ten.

A house that's within full sea mark,
 Is very well accustomed by men ;
 But better had they
 To live honest, I say,
 Or get married at threescore and ten.

There are sailors that are clever young blades,
 And keel-bullies like unto them ;
 You maids that are fair,
 Get married this year,
 Left you tarry till threescore and ten.

The old women carry the day,
 They beat both the maids and the men ;
 To give Sunderland the fway,
 For ever and ay,
 They'll marry tho' threescore and ten.

S O N G XII.

A N E W S O N G

Made on ALICE MARLEY.

ALICE Marley is grown so fine,
 She won't get up to serve her swine,
 But lies in bed till eight or nine,
 And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Alice Marley, honey ?
 The wife that sells the barley, honey ;

She

She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Alice Marley, honey?

Alice Marley is so neat,
It is hard for one to walk the street,
But every lad and lass they meet,
Cries do you ken Alice Marley, honey?

Alice keeps wine, gin, and ale,
In her house below the dale.
Where every tradesman up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.

The farmers, as they come that way,
They drink with Alice every day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of Alice Marley, honey.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim,
They drink bumbo made of gin,
And for to dance they do begin,
The tune of Alice Marley, honey.

The sailors they will call for flip,
As soon as they come from the ship,
And then begin to dance and skip,
To the tune of Alice Marley, honey.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely they'll sit down and dine
Along with Alice Marley, honey.

So to conclude these lines I've penn'd,
Hoping there's none I do offend,
And thus my merry joke doth end,
Concerning Alice Marley, honey.



F I N I S

